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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OF the Summer Session for Sunday-school Teachers which opened at Manchester College, Oxford, on Friday, we hope to have a full report next week. The great interest of the programme we have already noted.

A WELCOME "Crow's Nest" letter from the Rev. E. W. Lummis, from Fuldera, begins the story of his journey to Interlaken to attend the festival of the Swiss "Verein für freies Christentum" on June 14 and 15, as representative of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. It will be continued next week, telling of the service in the church at Unterseen, when during the sermon by Pfarrer Keller, of Wattwil, a storm broke over the lake, and of the successful popular evening which followed, at which among other delegates, Mr. Lummis delivered the greetings of his English brethren and also of the American Unitarian Association. The business meeting was on the Monday, at which an important paper was read by Dekan Hosang, of Pontresina, on "The abiding substance and changing form of faith,"

IN connection with the Seventeenth Universal Peace Congress, to be held in London, July 27 to August 1, a conference for teachers is to be held in Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Friday afternoon, July 31. Sir John Macdonnell has promised to preside, and some 150 foreign teachers, who are taking part in the holiday course at

London University, are expected to be present. Representative speakers from France and America will report what is being done in their countries to introduce peace-teaching into schools and universities. Admission to this conference is free to all teachers. Particulars as to the Peace Congress may be had from the organising secretary, H. S. Perris, M.A., 40, Outer Temple, Strand, W.C.

ON Thursday evening, July 30, a mass meeting for young people is to be held in the Queen's Hall. Teachers may help by encouraging their pupils (over 14) to attend. Among the speakers announced are Sir W. J. Collins, M.P., Vice-Chancellor of London University, the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, Miss Ellen Robinson and Mrs. Mead, of Boston, Mass. Peace songs will be sung by a choir of 300 voices, and there will be a display of life-saving methods by prize companies of the Boys' and Girls' Life Brigades. Particulars of the meeting may be had from Miss S. K. Huntsman, 5, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, W.C.

LAST Sunday the congregation of Union Chapel, Manchester, celebrated the jubilee of their senior pastor, Dr. Alexander Maclaren. From the active duties of the pastorate Dr. Maclaren retired a few years ago, but he has continued to hold the position of senior pastor, preaching occasionally. The ideal relations which have subsisted between pastor and people for half a century are manifest in the touching letter sent by Dr. Maclaren to the church, in which he said: "The retrospect of these fifty years humbles me when I think of my own shortcomings, and they seem stained with imperfections and marred by many a failure and fault, but I thank God that when I look back on my relations with the congregation I see nothing but a long stretch of unbroken mutual confidence and affection, for in all the fifty years there has never been the thinnest film of cloud in the sky, and never a trace of discord or altercation. Sunday after Sunday I have felt, as I stood before the congregation, that every face was the face of a friend, and to that assurance was largely owing any powers that my hearers found in my words. My hearers preached to me while I was preaching to them."

THE third International Congregational Council, which has continued in session at Edinburgh this week, has been remarkable for its close attention to doctrinal subjects. Following Dr. Forsyth's address on "Forgiveness through Atone-

ment," referred to in our last issue, was a paper by Dr. Barton, of Illinois, on "The Person of Jesus Christ." After accepting the general results of the historical criticism of the New Testament, Dr. Barton proceeded to show that the person of Christ must be interpreted not in the terms of the Jewish, but of universal, Messiahship. He found the proof of Christ's divinity "in his power to incorporate his own divine life in the lives of those who find God in him." Yet, strangely enough, he went on to assert, "Unitarianism offers us its purely human and fallible Jesus, aspiring to know God and to make real to man what he dimly apprehended. Such a Christ does not assure us of access to God." But Dr. Barton subsequently refuted this argument by admitting that "if we knew him to be greater, but could not tell how, because we could see the limitations of other men, and his summit was veiled from our sight by his great elevation and the clouds of our earthly atmosphere, even so his sublimity would inspire us." This paper was as unconvincing in its arguments as it was charming in its poetry.

PRINCIPAL GARVIE followed with a valuable paper on "The Limits of Doctrinal Restatement," in which he maintained that assuming our ability to form a definite conception of the distinctive features of Christianity, we have in it a standard by which to judge variations in Christian doctrine. Hence he argued that any doctrinal statement should do full justice to the continuity of the faith, and to the experience of forgiveness through atonement; in the matter of foreign missions it should recognise local conditions and history, but must not abandon ethical monotheism, the personality of God and man, God's holiness and man's sin, and the necessity of atonement. To attempt an exclusive emphasis of Divine immanence would be to sacrifice essential features of the Christian faith. Some limitation of restatement he held to be absolutely necessary to the preservation of the identity of the Christian faith and to the accomplishment of its purposes. The Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, a member of the Welsh Church Commission, dealt with "Church Establishment," maintaining that Wales would get Disestablishment next year, and in the course of his remarks referred to Socialism as "the most hopeful and living sign of our times." Dr. Gosman (Australia) contributed a paper on "Democracy, Labour, and Socialism," described Socialism as a speculative remedy for existing evils,

and said deep moral convictions might be at its heart, but were not on its lips—a statement to which Rev. W. Reason (London) strongly objected. “Culture and Philanthropy,” “Christian Conscience and State Authority,” were other topics dealt with, and there was also an address by Mr. T. McKinnon Wood, M.P., on “The Contribution of Congregationalism to Civil Life.”

CANON SCOTT HOLLAND writes in the July *Commonwealth* on “The Coming of the Women,” greatly impressed by the recent demonstrations in London on behalf of Women’s Suffrage. Referring to the argument that women must not have votes because they cannot fight, he remarks:—“We thought that the edge of this argument had been finally turned on the day when the stout elderly peer said to the lady, ‘But you can’t fight,’ and she said, ‘No! Can you?’ And he suddenly remembered that he couldn’t.”

Then as to woman’s capacity he makes this point:—“As a fact, the argument from War is singularly cynical in a man’s mouth. For, in the hour of national stress, under the terrors of the battle-field, women come straight to the front, to play their incomparable part with splendid courage, patience, and efficiency. The man’s Army dare not trust itself in the field without the resources and succour of the ambulance and the hospital, where the women offer their inexhaustible service without stint, without fear, without complaint. Can patriotism take a nobler form? Can citizenship rise to a purer level? It is simply inconceivable that any man, remembering the long procession of self-sacrifice which is headed for us by the name of her who still lingers to recall the Crimean terror, should dare to fling in the face of a woman, ‘You can’t fight! You shan’t vote!’”

“But, after all,” the Canon adds, “this is but silly business. As if anyone ever dreamed that his fighting power has won him his vote, until he had to find a reason that would do to explain why women were voteless. The vote, of course, represents the ploughshare, not the sword. It stands for civic duties, in their constancy of recurrence: not for the sudden moments when the social order lapses, and the ancient ordeal of battle intervenes. The vote is the act of the civilian: it speaks of citizenship, of common obligations, of mutual relationships, of industrial responsibilities, of the world of work, of communal activities, of social amelioration, of national growth and health and welfare. This is the normal and natural environment for the vote. And it is here that the claim of the woman becomes more decisive every day.”

THE effort of the People’s Refreshment House Association, Limited, to maintain public-houses of refreshment at which the sale of intoxicating liquors shall not be the main business is steadily progressing. In December last the Association owned fifty-three inns and had thirteen others under its management. The number has since then been increased. The principles on which the company is worked are that resident managers of public houses receive no profit on alcoholic drinks, but have a large share of the

profits on other beverages and food; the houses are free from tie to brewer, and are frequently inspected to maintain cleanliness, good order, and sobriety. Wherever feasible, tea gardens are provided. On this method the company has paid the five per cent. dividend, to which it is limited by its articles of association, continuously since 1899, and accumulated a reserve fund of £1,000. It has also devoted money to a Public Utility Fund account.

THE Association is able to make two interesting and instructive statements about the results of its work:—(1) That alcoholic sales have considerably decreased at the houses which have been held for several years, although care is taken that the supply of these shall be of a good quality, purchased in the open market; and at the same time the demand for other refreshments has greatly increased, and in some cases a large trade has grown up in luncheons and teas where such provision was not made before the houses were taken over by the Association. (2) No manager has been convicted of any offence against the licensing laws in the course of ten years’ trading of the Association. Altogether the experience of the People’s Refreshment House Association may be of great value when, in the near future, the public-houses come under more thorough popular control. It must be remembered, however, that about 80 per cent. of the licensed houses in England are “tied” to brewers or distillers, and are at present beyond the reach of any such effort at reform.

PRINCIPALS FORSYTH and Garvie have put forth a commentary, covering an entire page of the *British Congregationalist*, on the recently issued theological manifesto. The reason assigned for the issue of the commentary is that the manifesto, being necessarily brief, was calculated to lead to confusion. The two signatories, while acknowledging that they speak for themselves alone, state that they do so with unusual opportunities of knowing the general mind, and spirit, and tradition of Congregationalism. They then proceed to declare that “Congregationalism holds, as it always has held, to the evangelical position and the doctrines of grace, as of the essence of a church.” But this insistence on adhesion to “the evangelical position” and “the doctrines of grace” raises the question as to whether these terms themselves are not flexible. That they are capable of, nay, demand re-statement is admitted later by the signatories. And it is always open to those Congregational preachers who are said to promulgate extreme views to retort that they too hold the ancient faith, though in the new light. “The Gospels,” say Principals Forsyth and Garvie, “are freely open to competent criticism.” But if they are open to criticism at all, that is enough. What is “competent” criticism? We fear this further illumination of a remarkable manifesto only serves to make the darkness more visible.

“MARTINEAU AND THE HUMANISTS” is the subject of the first article in the July number of *Mind*, by Mr. Leslie J. Walker. “The aim, the method, and the funda-

mental principles of the great English moralist of the last century,” he says, “are analogous to those of the Humanists; and what the latter are now saying of Truth is very similar to what Dr. Martineau said years ago of Moral Worth. So striking, indeed, is this resemblance that a student of the history of philosophy can hardly fail to connect the new theory of knowledge which Messrs. James and Schiller are at present endeavouring to force upon our notice with the philosophical standpoint adopted by Martineau as the basis of his ethical teaching.”

MR. WALKER then refers to Martineau’s firm belief in the dignity of human nature, for him inseparably bound up in the freedom of man’s will, and his strenuous championship of the abiding significance of human personality. “In truth,” he says, “Martineau’s philosophy is, like Humanism, a reaction against Absolutism as well as against Materialism and Scepticism; and like Humanism, too, it marks a return to the human point of view. As opposed to belief in a universal and intrinsic Ground, both philosophies are individualistic; and, instead of looking at the universe from the standpoint of an Eternal Ego, both prefer to take as their basis the inner life of man.”

AFTER a sympathetic criticism of Martineau’s doctrine, set side by side with that of the present-day Humanists, as belonging to the same movement of thought, leading “away from Absolutism towards Individualism and toward a philosophy whose standpoint shall be at once more practical and more human,” Mr. Walker concludes:—“Such a movement was needed as a protest against those philosophers who persist in treating man as a mere passing wavelet in the sea of an eternal consciousness. But for a permanent philosophical position we need a *via media* which shall give to subject and object alike their due value in knowledge and morality; and such a *via media*, it seems to me, can be found only in a return to the principles which constitute the essential characteristics of the philosophy of Aristotle.”

THE July *Cornhill* has a very interesting article on “Hampden and Hampden’s Country,” by Marcus Dimsdale, and the beginning of an autobiographical narrative “Sixty Years in the Wilderness,” by Henry W. Lucy, which will be of special interest to Liverpool people, for “Toby, M.P.,” was born at Crosby, and his grandfather lived in the terrace of white houses at Seacombe, facing the river. E. V. Lucas, writing on “Francis Thompson’s Cricket Verses,” remarks on the surprise it was to find such a man and such a poet, author of “The Hound of Heaven,” a devotee of the game. “To those who had seen him in the flesh (and in the ulster which he did not don until the swallows were with us nor doff until they had flown) the surprise must have been greater still, since from such an exterior it would require a reader of men of supernatural acumen to deduce a love of open-air sport. For of all men Francis Thompson was to the casual observer east like a cricketer. It was not only

this inverted affection for his overcoat; it was the whole effect, the *ensemble*, as Whitman would say. If ever a figure seemed to say 'Take me anywhere in the world so long as it is not to a cricket match,' that was Francis Thompson's. And his eyes supported it. His eye had no brightness: it swung laboriously upon its object; whereas the enthusiasts of it. John's Wood dart their glances like birds. But Francis Thompson was born to baffle the glib inference. With his heart warmed by the very presence of God he could sell matches at Charing Cross. The world, which at every turn seemed to have crushed him beneath its cold weight, he had mastered and disdained while still a youth. Fate might beat against his fame, but within blossomed the rose. He carried consolation about him."

MR. W. HALE WHITE (Mark Rutherford) contributes an article to this week's issue of *The Nation*, which is a double number, specially devoted to poetry and fiction. Amongst other distinguished contributors to this number are Mr. William Watson and Mr. Herbert Trench.

WE mourn to-day, with a wide circle of friends, the loss of Mrs. William Arthur Sharpe, of Highgate, who died last Monday after a very brief illness. She cordially shared her husband's devotion to our churches and institutions; and while many will recall her presence at the great meetings at Amsterdam and Geneva, more will remember her kindly greeting when Mr. Sharpe was President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Her motherly interest in Channing House school was very characteristic, and one of her last acts was to entertain at her home the little ones of Winifred House Convalescent Hospital.

PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY OF PRESBYTERIAN AND UNITARIAN MINISTERS AND CONGREGATIONS OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.—We are requested to announce that at the annual meeting the following were elected on the Committee:—(Ministers)—Rev. G. Evans, M.A.; Rev. A. W. Fox, M.A., Rev. R. T. Herford, B.A.; Rev. C. Peach, Rev. J. A. Pearson, Rev. T. P. Spedding, Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Rev. J. J. Wright. (Lay members)—Mr. J. R. Beard, Miss Dornan, Mr. H. P. Greg, Mrs. E. G. Heape, Mr. D. A. Little, Mr. R. Robinson, Mr. J. Wigley, Mr. G. W. R. Wood. The advisory Committee was re-elected as follows:—Revs. S. A. Steinthal, D. Agate and H. E. Dowson; and Messrs. J. R. Beard, J. Dendy, and R. Robinson.

I AM heartily sorry for those persons who are constantly talking of the perishable nature of things and the nothingness of human life: for, for this very end we are here, to stamp the perishable with an imperishable worth; and this can only be done by taking a just estimate of both.—*Goethe*.

THIS beauty of nature, which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual, element, is essential to its perfection. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue.—*Emerson*.

IN THE CROW'S NEST.

EXCITEMENT JUNCTION, on the confines of Adventure-land and Rough-and-Tumble-land, is a place where almost anything may happen. The station-master always loses his head on the arrival of a train. Quite often he couples two of them by the tail, and starts the engines in opposite directions, pull baker pull devil, while another locomotive spins round and round on the turntable for mere fun, and hoots like mad. When I am at a loss what to do with the hero of my serial fairy-tale (Job by name), I book him off to Excitement Junction, and there are sure to be lively scenes.

You might have thought, from our state of mind in the Crow's Nest, that I was starting for that interesting spot. Even Barry has to be restrained by force from jumping through a closed window and pursuing the coach. I am only going to Interlaken; but to us, who live at the quiet limit of the world, Chur is the great far-off centre of things, and the coasts of Thalwil and Zürich are as the shores of old romance.

Piz Dora is still a white pyramid, but the wicked precipices of Piz Daint have shed their snow. To the right of the post road are meadows covered with flowers—mallows burning like gorse, whole waving fields of forget-me-nots, banks of heart's-ease, that herb of grace; tall globe-flowers, nodding and simpering to each other, "We are so decorative!" On the stony ground above Cierfs are spring gentians, of beauty unutterable, and brave anemones. While I am admiring the wind-whipped stone-pines, which, when they cannot grow as high as they would, grow cheerfully as high as they can, a tiny little sob recalls me to human affairs. Mengia Moggi, ten years of age, is travelling from Sta. Maria to Pontresina to spend the summer with her aunt, and is already home-sick. "Pontresina," I tell her, "is a beautiful place." "Yes, I have been there before." "And is not your aunt kind to you?" "Yes, very kind." "Well, three months will soon go by, and then how glad you will be to see your mother again!" "Mia mamma ais morta." "Poor child! And your father?" "Eir meis bap ais mort." Alas for Mengia! But she has a brother in Sta. Maria, and it is for him she is crying. As we go on chattering she soon dries her tears and gives me all manner of confidences. We pass the Cierfs goats, high up on the Ofen Pass. "In Sta. Maria," says Mengia, "we have ever so many more goats than that," and sits henceforth on a pedestal. At Buffalora, two hours from Fuldera, I pass the last house in my parish, and wave greetings to a Konfirmandin at an upper window. Eight hours more bring us to Bevers, and all the way Mengia Moggi is my only companion. Figure to yourself if we were intimate by that time.

Here comes my train, with the Dean and his Fräulein daughter signalling from a window. We bore through the long tunnel at the head of the Bevers valley, and emerge where the Albula is tumbling. In the space of half a day I have seen waters hurrying to three great seas. (Note for an address on "The Watersheds of Human Life": Near the Flüela Hospice are two little lakes, so close together that on

windy summer days the water rushes over from one to the other. And yet the one is destined to travel by way of Rhine to the German Ocean, the other by way of Danube to the Euxine. Such, my dear friends, &c.) We corkscrew through the hearts of mountains, and sail like a Lämmergeier back and forth above the torrent, down to Bergün. We tunnel our way, with fleeting glimpses of glorious scenery, to Thusis. We pass Scharans, where Jürg Jenatsch was Pfarrer, and Riedberg, where he and a number of fellow parsons "executed" Pompeius von Planta in his bedchamber. At Reichenau-Tamins we hail the Rhine, gift of our mountain land to the thankless plains, and soon afterwards we are all abed under the ancient towers of Chur.

In the journey to Bern next day we are accompanied by Dr. Valer, the chairman of the Chur Reform-day, and Frau Doktor. Our Fräulein was born in Vicosoprano, and talks its language; but she has no difficulty in understanding my Ladin, and I have not much with her Bergagliot, so we converse bi-lingually along the shores of the romantic Walensee, and the lovely Lake of Zürich. The Oberland mountains rise now on our left, not as I once saw them from this line, like the first creative thought of mountains in heaven, flowing in rosy light, but tough material sublimities. We reach the capital, and go to our several billets.

On April 2, 1571, the English House of Commons resolved "that the Litany shall be read every day as in the last Parliament, and also a prayer said by Mr. Speaker, as he shall think fittest for this time, to be begun every day at half after eight a.m." Several other Parliaments fixed their time for beginning work at eight, some even at seven, and the fine for lateness was fourpence, to be given to the poor's box. It is not now as it hath been of yore. But the Federal Parliament in Bern really does meet at eight in the morning, and sits, as a rule, till midday dinner-time, leaving the afternoon for committee-work. There is no sitting, however, on Saturday, and a late beginning on Monday, so that members may spend Sunday with their families. I was disappointed in not being able to hear a debate, but I saw several Nationalräte, and even a Ständerat or two, writing at their desks. Admirably conceived is the great wall-painting of the beautiful cradle of Swiss liberties, the lake bordered by Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, which faces the members of the National Assembly. But I did not like the trick-figure of Liberty which a cunning search (Puzzle: Find the lady) discovers recumbent on a cloud. In the outer hall the statues of the German, French, and Roman Swiss are good, but the Italian is a thick-lipped bravo, with African blood in him.

In the late evening we sat at little tables on the Schänzli in the open air, while a troupe of Tyrolese sang and danced for us. According to the lucid Baedeker the Schänzli commands "the finest view near Bern. In the foreground lies the picturesque city; above it rises the wooded Gurten; to the left are the Bernese Alps, and to the right the Stockhorn chain, adjoined by the Freiburg Mts.; to the extreme W. is the Moléson."

I am free to confess that all I could see to the extreme west was a company of decent burghers drinking, for the most part, beakers of Pilsner, and that the only mountains I could have named offhand were Niesen and the Blümlisalp, the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger. But moon and cloudlets were working their subtlest magic on snowy peak and wooded hill, the stone lace of the Minster spire, and—to one who lives in pine land—the intoxicating loveliness of foliage in June. All of a sudden a pretty Tyrolerin leaped down from the platform, and ran like a lapwing through the crowd of tables, out into the night. Soon afterwards, at a pause of song, a sweet echoing yodel came to us from the woods, a moving sound, clearer and fainter, like that of a creature on the wing, "through verdurous glooms and winding, mossy ways."

Next day, which was Trinity Sunday and Reform Day, I went to service in the Minster. It was good to be there. The beautiful church was packed with people, the music was devotional, the sermon earnest and clear. Pfarrer Hadorn counts as orthodox, but it was easy to see that his adherence to the "positive" camp does not mean a love of effete dogma, but a love of Christ. In these negative days it is not amiss that a strong party should stand to conserve and emphasise all that Jesus of Nazareth, in the light of eternity, means to faith; and the more orthodoxy concentrates on that, the nearer will right and left come to mutual understanding and common work for truth and religion.

After service I had the pleasant task of taking our fair Bergellerin to see the sights of Old Bern—the Lauben, which are so like and unlike the rows at Chester, the queer old fountains, and the town bears in their pit—or, as Baedeker prefers to put it, "the Bears' Den (Bärengraben), where Bruin is maintained, according to immemorial usage, at the cost of the municipality." We met the others on the Minster Terrace in time to see the wonderful clock in the Zeitglockenturm perform at twelve o'clock, procession of bears (Bern is crawling with bears, alive and otherwise), crowing cock, nodding king, and all. It recalled my sensations on first seeing Sir John Bennett's clock in March, 1879; but alas! there hath passed away a glory from the earth, and it is not a good exchange to remember what was so fugitive. Let us hope the Fräulein took a keener joy in the exhibition. If not, at least she has never been in Cheapside, to make disastrous comparisons.

Two hours afterwards we were in the train on our way to Thun. We skirted the lake—an American lady said it was really pretty—dropped a tear at Spiez over the faithlessness of Alfredus and his spouse, and reached the scene of affairs at Interlaken.

E. W. LUMMIS.

(To be continued.)

On Sunday afternoon last the Rev. Charles Peach delivered the address at the "Brotherhood" at Union Chapel, Manchester. This is the chapel made famous by the ministry of Dr. Maclaren, whose jubilee was being celebrated, as recorded in another column, on the same day.

SUMMER ON THE HILLS.

RETURNING to the hills after a long absence, one is conscious of a greeting from them, as if they knew, as if they almost spoke or reached a hand. For a moment, perhaps, there is something of strangeness or aloofness in their bearing; one is half convicted of intrusion. "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet"—did they say that? But in a little while the old familiar fellowship is renewed, and the feeling of never having really left them asserts itself; they have been out of sight, not out of mind. There is no mistaking that familiarity or friendliness of reception which, to their lovers, the mountains show. They have a language of their own, not to be translated into written or spoken words. If the weather is calm and the winds sleep in the great solitudes, the silence is full of meaning—impressive, profound, and spiritual. It is impossible to look on those domed or pinnacled masses as mere accumulations of solid matter, dead and indifferent to the mind that beholds them with joy. There is a welcome in that silence more significant than speech. The pulse quickens and old memories are stirred, as when one grasps the hand of a long-absent friend. That grave and courteous greeting from the heights makes the heart conscious of a mystic presence there; and the first walk along the lower slopes gives the sense of companionship and the assurance of delightful hours waiting to be lived through.

The hills are glorious at all seasons, and in youth we should know them in all. But as age comes on it is in summer that one must needs love them best. In his delightful book, "On Cambrian and Cambrian Hills," Mr. H. S. Salt reserves his highest praise for those days of mist and storm, when the mountain pilgrim needs all his strength and resource to cope with the difficulties of climbing and to find a way among the slippery crags and windy solitudes. But an old man likes the calm and the sunshine of summer. And this year, through the kindness of friends, I was privileged to spend three of the longest days of June in close fellowship with some of the hills of Wales. Nature was at the height of her munificence and her peace in those great days. I use the words "munificence" and "peace" deliberately; there was such wealth of giving, yet such repose and quietness. It is not easy, perhaps, for our island fates to produce, even at midsummer, three such perfect days in close succession. It is a rare achievement. Yet was there no sign of effort in the coming or the passing of those serenely-tempered hours. They were made of light and joy, with just enough cloud and mist to make the sunshine gracious, and to give the mountain slopes their finest form and the distant heights their most impressive majesty. It was a time for simple, unalloyed existence. To do or to go or to think was rendered superfluous. Desire slept, and longing was merged and lost in a dream of realisation. Contentment took possession of the mind, and left no room, at first, for either hope or aspiration or regret. The higher summits of the hills invited, but did not allure the feet; it was enough to climb with the eyes and to be in spirit there where earth reached nearest sky. Being

hospitably housed close on a thousand feet up, and being a little lame withal, the body was willing to abide there, leaving the bigger work to vision or imagining. Thus one was able to command all the nearer heights without climbing any; and in light-hearted liberty the spirit roamed from crest to crest and wandered about the slopes and breathed the air and drank the light and tasted the colour, till summer on the hills became summer in the heart, and all the world was good.

The spell of this easy-going happiness was broken by one short excursion, at evening, to the top of a pass whence an outlook was obtained over a vast extent of land and sky. A broad valley lay at our feet, and beyond, miles away, the great range of Carnarvonshire mountains closed the view. Lines of low stratus cloud and the clear evening light brought the greater summits into fullest vision. The peaks of Snowdon, the Glydyrs, and the huge rounded heights of the Carneddus stood out in soft grey-blue against the Western horizon. A solitary raven passed, silent and dark, across the light-filled sky. The curlew's wild piercing cry struck sharply through the still air, and the twitter of small mountain birds made homely music as the sun passed slowly northwards to his brief midsummer setting.

There was no night there in those great June days. The last rays of sunshine from the North-Western horizon lingered on the high summits; the first glimmerings of dawn reached them again before the dark of midnight had time to hide them in its folds. While I was there a postcard reached me from a friend in the far North. It told of the sun just dipping, for five minutes, at midnight, with only half the disc falling below the range of sight. Then the full orb rose again, and day went on unbroken—I suppose, almost undimmed. I would like to see that, once; but the cool midsummer twilight of the hills were better to live with in the long days of June. Excess of light might weary eye and brain. Sunshine is a dear and blessed thing, but twenty-four hours of it without a veil, day after day—that seems more than flesh or spirit could bear with equanimity. Surely our temperate zone is best; and there among the northern hills of Wales, where darkness came not, but the dim, softened light lay cool upon the summits, and one slept below them with quiet dreams, life was as nearly perfect as earth could know.

Yet something more than pleasure and sweet peace was granted in those days that knew not night. Some quickening or uplifting impulse came from them to the heart. Summer on the hills is serene, yet also inspiring; it cleanses and clarifies both the breathing flesh and the brooding mind. The blood is purified and the brain stimulated by so much sunlight and the fresh, buoyant atmosphere. The whole inner man is replenished and renewed. Three days, under such conditions, are time enough to be "born again." Life becomes more intense, impassioned, immortal, ideal. A friend of mine, after a first visit to the Alps, wrote to me saying, "I feel as if I had been cleansed inside and out, body and soul, by those blessed hills."

It may be the purer, more stimulating air, the wider spaces, the expansion of

soul under the great breadth of sky that affect us in this vital way, in part. But the hills themselves, lying so calm through the long hours of light, rising so high and bold under the heavens, have a strange uplifting power. They summon and attract the mind to higher realms. They have an influence, subtle and searching, on our better self. I said above that no lover of the hills could look on them as mere accumulations of solid matter, dead and indifferent. I dare to say now that, massive and substantial as they are, they yet belong to the most spiritual and ethereal of Nature's works. Their beauty and their majesty appeal to the soul; they quicken its aspirations and its hopes; they make one healthily discontented with oneself and one's doing in the world hitherto. Life must be better than it has been, from henceforth. Not shame for the poor meagre past, but a calm and strenuous enthusiasm for nobler things in days to be, is the normal result of dwelling there with the hills, under the great midsummer skies. They lift you, and life in lowly places and amid common duties can never be quite so dull and stale again.

Watching, one evening, a line of distant crags, as the light grew less, and a great pine wood just below them darkened into black, I was conscious of an inward quickening, as if, from those far heights, some impulse came to deepen the heart's emotion and make love more wise. And when, an hour later, I saw the after-glow—a wide expanse of warm crimson light above the hills' horizon, and one bright star high in the pale blue heavens, it seemed that everything base and paltry must, in due time, be finally cleansed away from every one of us. If what we call "Nature" can achieve such wonders of beauty and serenity, shall not man, her child, achieve them too, in his world of action and of thought?

W. J. J.

UNITY OF SPIRIT.

It is a heavy slumbrous day: the trees in the fulness of late spring foliage languidly move to the fitful breathings of the south-west wind; the sky weighty with secrets of coming showers intensifies the feeling of oppression which has taken hold of us; a silence full of devitalised sound fosters expectancy and nameless fear. In a dull way we remember days of sunshine and brightness, days when the being thrilled with life and purpose, days when the difficulties of life were but an incentive to triumphant effort. But languor has touched both mind and body, and we gaze with listless eyes at the grey-red clouds, and ask ourselves in a soulless, uninterested fashion what it all means. The smoke from the cottages ascends in a still straight line, and loses itself against the lowering cloud; the birds have ceased their song; only the rumble of human voices surges at times through the open window, as if to remind us that the business of life must persist despite the dullish moods of nature. All the afternoon long, the roll of distant thunder has echoed knell-like through the cloud-hung skies, emphasising our inarticulate longing for a life beyond the present death-like calm, a life of tumult and vital

conflict pregnant with mighty issues. But as we muse, changes present themselves to the mind. Our purpose quickens. Above our heads the sky has cleared; the clouds take definite shapes; here and there are some touched with the subdued light of a cloud-beset dying sun. The air trembles with renewed vitality; sounds are clearer, more bell-like; the trees seem lighter in build and gayer at heart; the tender green of the garden hedge-row enlightens our eyes, and through us as if by the subtle power of a mighty magician pass thoughts and dreams of former days. We have been in a state of narcosis; but with the emergence of the clear infinite spaces of the heavens above, our minds quicken and our thoughts range far and wide through God's eternity. The impulse from a re-vitalised nature has driven us afield; the mystic roll of thunder re-echoes with new meaning; away in the heart of the storm the battle has been fought and the air cleared, and the sweet freshness of the evening is a sign and symbol of a new phase of active healthy life. Through the clouds which still hang above, we gaze into the quiet depths of the heavens, and our souls gather confidence and strength.

So in the life of the spirit. Days there are when the soul is dulled by the gathered intensity of the little unremembered acts of meanness and of dread, or when the spirit wrought upon by the continual conflict and irritation of existence, cannot pierce the present gloom, but awaits in fear and suspense, the wrath of outraged power. To dissipate the depression seems impossible; we are bound by the heavy invisible chains of a meanly-wrought existence; we suffer the penalty of the season's difference. Happy are we if in the quiet evolution of persistent spiritual purpose, we pass into the clearer atmosphere of faith and hope. But more often we find ourselves the centre of storm and stress, the lightnings flash, the thunders roll, the whole being is shaken in an agony of penitence and fear; we are blinded by the vision, subdued by the wrath of violated law, penetrated by the dread of dissolution. And then comes the fresh sweet calm of renewed hope, when the soul freed from the tyranny of a beclouding past, gazes with confidence into the infinite distances of God's purpose, and acknowledges the beauty and majesty of His law.

The sun has set; cottages and trees have faded into outlined darkness; but the sky still holds a quiet grey-blue light. Suddenly a star shines forth, and then another, and we tremble with ineffable joy. In some mysterious way we find ourselves linked up with an infinite universe; spiritual perspective is altered, and a sense of the grandeur of human personality is toned by the thought of an eternal will realising itself in infinite beauty and power and righteousness. For a moment, the soul sinks in an awed lowliness before the thought of illimitable spirit, but only to rise with greater confidence chastened by holy fear, to contemplate the purpose and dignity of a self-conscious humanity.

The darkness has deepened, but the stars shine with greater lustre. As, with heart subdued by high thought, we quietly shut the evening out, and turn our gaze on

the books which line the study walls, the feeling of the worth of human life intensifies; for here are enshrined beauty and noble endeavour, the aspirations of prophets and the utterance of seers, the thought of thinkers and the passion of the poet. We turn to Robert Bridges, and the night is gone. Larks sing overhead, the freshness of the newly-turned sod invigorates mind and body, blue skies delight the heart, and all is fair. By the subtle might of clear strong English verse, the outer world is banished, and night turned to day. In more passionate wise our souls thrill in response to the music of hope and strength surging in the lines of "one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward, never doubted clouds would break," and of that other who "with faith that comes of self-control," held it true that "men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." Herrick sings us a saucy song; and the eyes twinkle, and the fingers tap a rhythmic measure; Swinburne moves in grand symphonic fashion, and we are lost in the maze of multitudinous music. In quieter ways, the devout word of Thomas à Kempis solemnises our hearts and prepares us for divine revelation, or the sweet simple utterance of S. Francis reminds us of the one who "spake as never man spake." Again, by the witchery of the word, the heavens vanish away like smoke, and on the grim, sorrow-laden speech of him who "had been in hell," we are borne to the confines of outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all is changed; the glory of Paradise shines round about us. "O joy! O gladness unspeakable! O life compact of love and peace! O wealth secure that hath no longing! O light eternal who only in thyself abidest, only thyself dost understand, and to thyself, self-understood self-understanding, turnest love and smiling!" In enraptured awe, the spirit bows before the Lord God Almighty, and realises anew the greatness of the divine manifestation in human song. So, in a sense other than meant by Barabbas, here are "infinite riches in a little room;" for here may be known the breadth and variety of human experience.

In all the movings of humanity's passion-laden soul, we acknowledge the workings of the eternal spirit; and as we meditate the wonder of world-representation, we feel the inherent power of human personality so apprehensive. For us, the unity of nature, the unity of human life, is given by the individual soul; in ourselves is the power by which the universe becomes indeed one and undivided. If religion be in truth that state wherein the soul realises its unity with God, the word of Jesus comes with added power, "the Kingdom of God is within you." In a real sense we are one with the soul of the world, but life consists in the ever-deepening consciousness of the unity, in the gradual discovery of the infinite depths of human personality. Nature and humanity become instinct with divinity, when we realise the God within; for the unity of the spirit is manifested in all-comprehending love.

W. LAWRENCE SCHROEDER.

GERMAN EDUCATION.*

DR. PAULSEN has written a very interesting book upon a subject which can easily be made very dull. He has given a large amount of information in a very attractive form. He knows well that (to use his own words) "the development of educational institutions is determined in its course by the general progress of civilisation and social life," and he has the gift of sketching this general progress in vivid pictures which form the background for his educational facts and give them their true connection and proportion. He divides his history into four periods—the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Reformation, the Age of Modern Courtly Culture under predominantly French influence, and the Nineteenth Century. Each of these periods is introduced with an admirable chapter upon general conditions and tendencies; but the reader's hold upon these conditions and tendencies is never allowed to relax; he is kept fully aware of them even when he is carried on into the details of university organisation or of regulations for elementary schools. Dr. Paulsen is particularly happy in the terse and swiftly moving paragraphs in which he sums up the influence of powerful individual minds. For example, having shown what a very mixed influence Luther had upon educational progress, how his genuine zeal for certain kinds of knowledge was counterbalanced by the prejudice which made him denounce Aristotle as a "cursed, conceited, wily heathen," and how schools and universities languished amid the disruption and war which followed theological strife—so that Erasmus exclaimed: "wherever Luther prevails, the cause of literature and learning is lost"—he continues: "But things took another turn. The man had already stepped forth into the arena of public life, to whom the thanks of the German nation are due for the rescue of its whole educational organisation from this catastrophe. This man was Philip Melancthon. . . . For a time, carried away by Luther's overpowering personality, he allowed himself, against his own better judgment, to be infected with the great reformer's passionate hatred, not only against the old scholastic philosophy, but also against Aristotle himself. But he soon found himself again. When the fatal effects of this spirit on learning and educational progress began to show themselves, when crazy enthusiasts of all kinds began to preach the uselessness of the sciences, on the ground that the spirit would lead men without study into all truth, Melancthon set his face against this pernicious error with the whole tough energy of his nature. Without the study of languages and of philosophy, he maintained, the new doctrine could not possibly live and thrive. Henceforth he was indefatigable in preaching the alliance of the gospel with science. This alliance was the ever-recurring theme of many of his writings, and above all, of his academic speeches; it was the goal of his never-tiring and only too often thankless efforts as university teacher; and it was the object of his persevering labour in organis-

ing the new educational system of Protestantism. Never was name of honour better deserved than that which the grateful pupils of Master Philippus bestowed on him at the end of his life, so over full of toil and trouble—*Præceptor noster communis, præceptor Germanicæ*." (P. 54.) A book which abounds with characterisations so brief and telling as this, cannot be dry; but Dr. Paulsen is so little of a dry-as-dust writer that he even gives bits of autobiography, telling of the school conditions under which he himself was brought up in a little village of Schleswig. Indeed, nothing is spared which would make the book both readable and informing. Even concerning the rod, Dr. Paulsen has information which will be new to all but a very few. In the Middle Ages, he writes, "it was regularly resorted to even for didactic purposes, as is shown by ominous nicknames given to school books such as *Sparadorsum* (backsparer). Castigation was in common use in the convents as a necessary and pious exercise, and an occasional dose of it was considered as salutary for youth under all circumstances. According to a general custom, which shows that this painful matter was not treated altogether without humour, the birches had to be cut in the copse by the pupils themselves on a merry school excursion arranged for the purpose, when frolics of all kinds were indulged in and even beer was allowed. The school wits christened this festival *virgidemia*, a word formed after the analogy of *vindemia*, i.e., vintage (*virga*, the rod)" (p. 31).

It is, of course, impossible to follow here the development which has given Germany its educational eminence. And it must suffice to call attention to one of the most interesting of Dr. Paulsen's chapters, namely the last, entitled "Retrospect and Outlook." Here the author discusses (amongst other matters) the religious question, which, though not at the moment causing so much controversy in Germany as with us, is becoming steadily more urgent. The following sentences will indicate Dr. Paulsen's view upon this point: "What are we to say of the question of religious instruction? Will its exclusion from the schools be another of the consequences of the remodelling of the school system? The answer will depend on what is understood by religious instruction. If it means an instruction whose object is to convince the scholar of the truth of the creeds of the Church, I should certainly say that it is as little compatible with the nature of the modern state as with the constitution of the school system. . . . But these considerations by no means dispose of the question of religious instruction in every shape or form—at any rate in Protestant Germany. Whatever attitude we may personally take up towards religion, it is impossible to entertain a doubt that it has constituted an important, perhaps the most important, feature of the inner life of mankind in the past, and that it still plays a very significant part in our inner life to-day, although we are assured from time to time that it is dead and buried. . . . There is not one inch of historical soil but has felt the influence of Christianity and the Church. If, therefore, we consider it to be the mission of the school to assist

the rising generation in finding their bearings amid the environment in which they live and are some day to act, and if we admit that the closest and most actual environment of human life is not so much the world of nature as of history, there cannot be any doubt that the school cannot and ought not to shirk the task of presenting and explaining Christianity as a phenomenon of historical life." (P. 275.)

As an abstract principle this is unassailable. When will it become practicable? It is in any case interesting to find such a man as Dr. Paulsen enthusiastically pleading for it in such a country as Germany, where Romanism and Lutheranism are sometimes taught side by side in the same school at the public expense, and where the inspectorate is still chiefly clerical.

The translation of the book is excellent. But "sensual perception" on pp. 155 and 158 should be "sense perception" as on p. 160. H. RAWLINGS.

ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE *Contemporary* opens this month with two vigorous "Woman" articles, one on "The Rebellion of Woman," by Teresa Billington-Greig, the other an earnest argument by the Hon. Bertrand Russell on "Liberalism and Women's Suffrage." Dr. George Hodges writes on "The American Episcopal Church," an article on which it would be interesting to have some New England notes. Professor Dowden writes very pleasantly on "Goethe's West-Eastern Divan," poems too little known, but containing much beautiful ripe fruit from the Indian summer of the poet's genius.

In the *Nineteenth Century and After* Lady Lovat writes on "Women and the Suffrage," arguing that women would lose infinitely more than they gain by Parliamentary franchise. An article by the Bishop of Burnley on "The Present Stage of Church Reform," points to the need of a proper system of representation both of clergy and laity before anything effectual can be done. "The administrative side of this solidarity (of the English Church) will be provided when the clergy and laity of the church sit, side by side, in council in virtue of their baptism, and take common synodical action in all causes appertaining to the welfare of their common church." This is followed by an article by Professor Emery Barnes of Cambridge on "The Lambeth Conference and the 'Athanasian Creed'." Having referred to various expedients which have been employed to get over this great stumbling block of earnest Churchmen, he concludes: "It is earnestly to be hoped that the Lambeth Conference, which has twice dealt with the *Quicunque*, in 1888 and 1897, by suggesting a retranslation, will in 1908, lead the great Church which it represents forward towards a lasting solution of a difficulty which has been felt for 250 years." Mrs. Grossmann's article on "Poverty in London and in New Zealand: a Study in Contrasts," should be also noted. "New Zealand is very far from having realised any Utopias, but it can justly claim to have refounded society on a sounder and

* "German Education, Past and Present." By F. Paulsen, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin. Translated by T. Lorenz, Ph.D. (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

more equitable basis, and in a cleaner and brighter moral atmosphere."

The *Albany* has an article on the "Pan-Anglican Congress," by Mr. C. D. Burns, judged by the papers issued in advance as marking evidence of a resolution to welcome all forms of truth. "The papers of the Pan-Anglican Congress mark a stage in the growth of the religious consciousness. Whatever the religion of the future may be, it will certainly contain more intellectual elements than any form of religion does now. . . . We are not cutting ourselves off from the past if we seek to make the future different from it. But rather, knowing well the value of what has been handed down to us, we seem to see that history points towards a consecration of intellectual activity as the true office of future religion." Social reformers should by all means note the article by Miss Edith Sellers on "State Children in South Australia," where the little ones left destitute are not only far better cared for than in this country, but at far less cost, and where the State care is maintained over a much longer period, for the making of good citizens. Then there is the conclusion of a striking narrative of experience, "From a Poor Man's House" (begun in the May number), by Stephen Reynolds, and a notice by Desmond MacCarthy of "The Autobiography of a Tramp." Mme. Savinkov, through an English translator, contributes the first part of another of her painful and vivid records of personal experience in the Russian reign of terror; "At the Foot of the Scaffold."

In the *International*, "A Review of the World's Progress" (Fisher Unwin, 1s. monthly), Dr. Rodolphe Broda, the editor-in-chief, writes on "The Federation of Mankind," arguing that the growth of international institutions must come first, before there can be real hope of relief from the burden of armaments, and welcoming the many signs of increasing understanding and mutual appreciation among the nations. A French counterpart of the *International*, *Les Documents du Progres*, is published in Paris, and a German *Dokumente des Fortschritts* in Berlin, with different contents, but under the same general editorship.

THE Essex Church Calendar for July embodies a pamphlet, "In Commemoration of Heroic Self Sacrifice," the story of the tablets at St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, with a picture of the shelter in the postmen's park. The record of 24 of the tablets is given, which so happily carry out the suggestion of the late G. F. Watts for such commemoration.

"THORNS and Roses" is the subject of the Rev. E. I. Fripp's sermon in the June number of *The Spade and the Sickle*. "And thou, son of man, be not afraid . . . though briars and thorns be with thee" (Ezek. ii. 6) is the text, to which is added a reference to the little Gothic chapel at Pisa, once "St. Mary of the Bridge," but afterwards "St. Mary of the Thorn."

THE health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.—Emerson.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"O ALL YE FOWLS OF THE AIR, BLESS YE THE LORD: PRAISE HIM AND MAGNIFY HIM FOR EVER."

THESE words are another quotation from that beautiful Canticle from which the verse beginning "O all ye green things upon the earth" was taken, about which we had a talk in May.

Perhaps of all the works of God which the Benedicite calls on to praise Him the appeal to the fowls of the air seems the most natural, because they alone in the animal creation have the gift of song. Song and praise are commonly associated in the human mind.

The use of the word fowls, where we should say birds, is common in old English literature. Chaucer, in his prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, says that in spring time the "smallë foulës maken melody."

If the birds cannot consciously sing God's praise they can, and do, help us human beings to tune our souls to thankfulness and praise. When we cross the wide green meadow or the sea-girt down, with the sky blue above us, and the earth sparkling in dewy morning freshness, the carol of the lark has a message for us. It seems to tell us that God has given us a lovely world to live in, and that if we will bravely and cheerfully do our duty in it there is much joy in store for us. The low, soft twitter of the birds at the dawn of a summer day, the full-throated music of the early evening, how they help to create within us a love of Nature!

We can hardly be said to stretch a point if we maintain that by their very existence birds glorify their Maker. Their beauty of form, their delicate plumage, the wonderful manner in which their various organs are adapted to the way in which they move and feed, the marvels of nestcraft, of migration to distant lands, of return over a wide waste of waters to the old breeding-places, all these rank high among what we may truly call the miracles of Nature. Have you ever wondered how it is that a bird can fly very fast and far without getting out of breath? It is because it has a special arrangement of long air sacs in its body which enable it to fill, and empty, and refill its lungs with air very speedily. Have you ever tested the extraordinary hearing and eyesight of a seagull? If not you should do so the next time you are on a sea-coast frequented by gulls. Wait—it may have to be a long wait—until there has not been a gull in sight for some minutes. Look very carefully to be sure that there is not one floating on the water or grubbing in the sand. Then, when you have said to yourself, "No, there is not a single gull anywhere near," scrape a plate, not very loudly, with a knife, and in much less time than it takes to write it, you may fully expect to see three or four gulls arrive, eager to be fed. Before many more seconds pass you will see a score or two, or it may be hundreds. Mind you toss them a few scraps. Don't cheat them, or they will remember it, and you may scrape your plate in vain the next day. We have tried the scraping plan when the waves have been dashing noisily on the shingle, but the gulls heard just the same. A bird's eye is, like that of a bee, so made

that it can see quite small objects clearly at a distance from which you could not see them at all. The thrush on your lawn can hear the worms making their way through the soil just below the turf. Worms prepare tiny tunnels through which they can come to the surface at will. The thrush listens for a worm; when it hears one it taps sharply on the ground to alarm the worm, which comes to the opening, and hey, presto! our thrush snatches, pulls, gobbles, looks round at you with a bright eye to announce that he has relished that tit-bit, and listens for another worm.

The vulture, Nature's useful scavenger, what a power of scent he possesses. The breeze bears to him a message that many miles away there is carrion which, left to itself, will horribly pollute the air. With unerring directness the vulture makes for the spot, and though we may not be able to think of his meal without a shudder, we know well that he is fulfilling the purpose for which the all-wise God created him.

All God's works magnify Him in that they perform the functions for which they were designed. If the birds and beasts and fishes cannot consciously obey or disobey the laws of God, they glorify Him in obeying the law which we call instinct; perhaps especially so when to obey it involves more or less painful effort and sacrifice of comfort. We had an instance of this in the Children's Column of June 20, where you read of the brave flycatcher gasping painfully on her nest in the fierce sunshine, yet unflinchingly doing her duty in shielding her eggs from the hot rays.

Many people carelessly take for granted that because a bird is led by instinct to do certain things it does them without any suffering. Those who love animals best and study them closest do not think this.

What we call conscience is God's voice speaking to us, and telling us to make efforts, to sacrifice ourselves, to overcome love of ease. Instinct is the voice through which God speaks to His animal creation. That wonderful voice bids the sheep to protect her lamb even at risk to herself. It bids the swallow, and birds far smaller than the swallow, to fly at their appointed time over land and sea, now to warmer, now again to colder climates.

Keepers of lighthouses tell us what perils of the storm these birds are exposed to. How in wild weather they are often flung by the gale in scores against the great lantern to fall bruised and lifeless into the waves below. Sailors tell us of migrating birds, wearied and hungry, that have alighted on decks of ships in mid-ocean, and after resting, and perhaps, if the crew were kindly, being fed, have risen again, obedient to the voice of instinct, to go forth on their trackless way for another few hundred miles.

In thus carrying out their destiny, they, in their humble way, are "workers together with God," and magnify Him for ever.

EMILY NEWLING.

I FANCY that until a man loves space, he will never be at peace in a place. At least so I have found it. I am content if you but give me room.—George Macdonald.

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LONDON, JULY 11, 1908.

THE VISION OF REUNION.

THE fifth Lambeth Conference, attended by some 250 Anglican bishops, gathered from many lands, was inaugurated by most impressive services in Canterbury Cathedral on Saturday last, and in Westminster Abbey on Sunday.

The first of these conferences, held in 1867, under the presidency of Archbishop LONGLEY, had its origin in the desire of the churches in the Colonies for closer union with the Mother Church at home, the trouble arising out of the Colenso judgment having given an immediate impulse to the movement. It was a much smaller conference, and received by no means united support even from the Episcopate in England. Not eighty bishops took part in it, and Dean STANLEY's lack of sympathy prevented any service being held in the Abbey. But from that beginning the movement has steadily grown in acceptance and in magnitude. At the second conference in 1878, over which Archbishop TAIT presided, 100 bishops were present, and at the third in 1888, under Archbishop BENSON, 145. That was the conference which laid down the four conditions as the necessary basis for any reunion of the churches, known as the "Lambeth Quadrilateral":—(1) The Holy Scriptures as the rule of faith; (2) The Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed as the statement of faith; (3) The two Sacraments ordained by CHRIST Himself; (4) The Historic Episcopate."

The fourth conference was held in 1897, in celebration of the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. AUGUSTINE in England, happily coming also at the time of QUEEN VICTORIA's Diamond Jubilee. Archbishop BENSON, who gave the invitation, died suddenly at Hawarden some months before the gathering, and his successor, Archbishop TEMPLE, presided. There were close upon 200 bishops present.

The present conference, following immediately upon the great Pan-Anglican Congress, is the most remarkable of all, at any rate in point of numbers, and in the stately ritual of the opening celebrations. The consultations of the bishops

are in private, and for results we have to wait for any pronouncements they may see fit to make.

In impressive words the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY greeted his brethren at the opening of his address in the Cathedral. "We cannot, if we would," he said, "lay down our distinctive obligation to face fearlessly the problems of modern life, and in the name and power of JESUS CHRIST to use with unwavering courage the varied help which is proffered by the thought and the science of to-day. To those who bear the glad but anxious burden of that splendid charge is it of practical help to be able to come back now and then here—to the nursery or schoolroom of our English Church's childhood. Kneeling upon this hallowed ground, at a time of special counsel and review, when old usages are weighed and tested and fresh designs rough hewn, we remake the resolve of fealty, personal and corporate, to Him that calleth us. It is true for a church, as it is true for our separate selves. No words, no prayers so potent, surely, as the hymns and texts of childhood, when their rhythm comes back to us in the dusty roadway of middle life, and we can reset the thoughts and words in the light of long and sometimes sad experience. Blessed, both in peace and power, are

'They who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn.'

Here, if anywhere on earth, should the light of that faith burn clear and strong."

At the service in Westminster Abbey the sermon was preached by the DEAN, from Acts xxvi. 19: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Towards the conclusion, he said:—

"I have chosen the subject of Christian unity because it is, to my thinking, by far the most important that presents itself at the moment of history at which we have now arrived. The Episcopate was developed in its monarchical form in the course of the second century out of the growing necessities of Christian unity. If we believe that evolution is a Divine law of progress, we are no more troubled at not finding a formal Episcopate in New Testament times than at not seeing the oak in the acorn. It came by a Divinely natural necessity, it came when it was wanted, and it remains because it is wanted to-day. The function of the early Episcopate was the safeguarding of the faith and the preservation of the unity of the Church. These are the two primary elements of the function of the Episcopate to-day—only to the second we must penitently add the restoration of the unity where it has been lost. It is of happy omen that the two topics of faith and unity stand first on the programme of your deliberations."

Reunion, the DEAN added, is usually taken to signify primarily a re-entry into union with the Roman and Orthodox Churches of the East, but their first responsibility lay, in his view, in the direction of their own kith and kin, among

those who speak the same language and read the same English Bible. And he continued:—

"The Congress which has recently met has rightly emphasised this side of our responsibility, and wise and large thoughts have found utterance with regard to it. It has shown an unexampled recognition of the work of the Divine Spirit in the communions which are separate from us, an unexampled desire to learn what they have to teach us, an unexampled readiness to inquire how our union might be accomplished on conditions honourable to both sides. It is plain that we cannot abandon what we have hitherto declared to be the four essential characteristics of our own position—the Holy Scriptures, the two great Creeds, the two great Sacraments, and the historic Episcopate. But we can and ought to recognise that where the first three are found and where there is also an ordered ministry guarded by the solemn imposition of hands there our differences are not so much matters of faith as matters of discipline, and ought with humility and patience to be capable of adjustment—a fuller recognition, on the one side, of a charismatic ministry which God has plainly owned and blessed; a fuller recognition, on the other side, of the permanent value of an Episcopate which has long since ceased to be a prelacy, a readiness on both sides to arrive at some temporary agreement which might ultimately issue in a common ministry regulated in the historic sense, though admitting the possibility of separate organisations and jurisdictions. Granted such recognitions and such readiness, what a prospect of reconciliation at a no distant future opens before us. But, after all, schemes of reconciliation are not what we want. We want apostles of reconciliation—men who have seen the Heavenly vision and can be content with no lower ideal than the one body of Christ. And where have we the right to look for them if not in the Episcopate, the very *raison d'être* of which is the preservation and restoration of unity? There is danger here in England to-day lest the ideal of the Episcopate be lowered till it mean no more than the careful shepherding of a denomination, lest our bishops exhaust themselves in a multiplicity of beneficent activities which might appropriately be left to their archdeacons and their parish priests. It is indeed all to the good that the whole level of our spiritual life should be raised as it has been raised in many dioceses by the example of this fervent zeal. But, oh! bear with me if I say that a larger task awaits you—the task of restoring in each diocese the broken unity of the body of the Christ. England, America, the Colonies, the mission fields—and the last most pathetically of all—plead with you to rise to the height of your calling as the apostles of reconciliation. I know that it is urged that if we desire unity there is no corresponding desire in any of the communities to which I have referred—they are well contented to be separate from us, they have made no movement towards a corporate reunion. What if it be so? Brethren and fathers, we have the vision if they have it not as yet. We have the vision, and we have been set by Providence in the middle

place between the old and the new for the very purpose of reconciliation. It is a Heavenly God-sent vision. Let us take heed that we be not disobedient to it. It is the will of God, and through us, or through others, if we prove unworthy, it is destined to be realised."

Such an ideal we may recognise as nobly presented, the more moving, because of the scene of this utterance, in the venerable Abbey, which is the possession of our whole people. But if we are to look to the Bishops as reconcilers, making for a new unity of the religious life of this nation, it can hardly be with hope of any helpful corporate reunion. The DEAN's ideal seems to admit, indeed, of the possibility of separate organisations and jurisdictions, and certainly the "one body of CHRIST," if the unity of the Church of the Living God is to be so expressed, must be simply the life of the nation as a whole, animated by the one Spirit, but operating by differing methods and through different channels. So the work of the bishop, to restore unbroken unity in his diocese, should be not the attempt to gather all the various religious communities under his own rule, but simply to diffuse the spirit of mutual trust and recognition, to break down barriers of jealousy and misunderstanding, and set the example of brotherly reconciliation and co-operation. Some will find their happiness and peace and their most effective strength in work for the Kingdom within the fold of the Episcopal Church, others in the simpler union of Congregational churches, others, again, in the spiritual fellowship of the Society of Friends. The deeper unity must be found in the One Spirit, and for this all must strive, and will best strive through self-forgetting work for the well-being of the people as a whole, for the Kingdom of God on earth. 11

TO THE VISITING PREACHER.

WHEN he who writes is far away,
When in his place you preach and pray,
Whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
Restrain your pencil.

If verse omissions must be shown
Upon the page, please mark your own,
But leave another's book alone—
Restrain your pencil.

For you a fairer page is placed,
Write there what need not be erased;
Why should my Bible be defaced?
Restrain your pencil.

Remember, when about to scrawl,
Your passing comfort is not all;
Why mix a brother's cup with gall?
Restrain your pencil.

Be free, as far as truth is free,
Preach brotherhood and charity,
But, if you would my brother be,
Restrain your pencil.

ABITURUS.

THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF NATURE.*

BY THE REV. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.

IN November, 1859, Darwin published his "Origin of Species," with its theory of the development of life by "natural selection." He said—and he brought forward a mass of evidence in support of his statement—that all living organisms, vegetable and animal, were ultimately derived from a few simple forms, or from only one, and were derived, briefly, in the following fashion. The earth, being limited in size, and plants and animals having a power of multiplication far beyond the means of subsistence, there was a conflict for space and nourishment which might be described in general terms as a struggle for existence, wherein the more fit survived and the rest perished. Now, living creatures have a considerable, and, as yet, inexplicable power of variation, and the slightest variation that gives an advantage in the struggle for room and food is turned to account. It not only enables the individual possessing it to outlive others, but handed on to its descendants it becomes in time the valuable property of a species. Accumulated advantages produce at length striking varieties, and eventually all the strange and rich diversity we now see in the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Leaving other and important elements discovered since Darwin's book was written, we need not doubt that those specified and so learnedly illustrated by him, are leading factors in the case. The thinking world is practically convinced of the substantial truth of his argument. But it has given rise to some very different interpretations and conclusions. To the popular mind the phrases "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fit" conjured up haunting spectres of cruelty, and men in authority spoke in language that was formidable and disturbing. A dark shadow seemed to fall on creation. Nature appeared like a battlefield or a charnel house. Huxley accepted the doctrine of natural selection, at least so far as it applied to the lower animals, as a "gladiatorial theory of existence," and he declared it his mission, as a lover of truth, "to tear away the veil which devout imagination had woven about the universe." Tennyson was affected by a conception of Nature, so different from that usually associated with poetry, "red in tooth and claw"; and Mr. John Morley, in his edition of Wordsworth, complained that his poet was not "energetically alive" to Nature's "racking cruelties and horrors." Certainly, Wordsworth was not energetically alive to such phenomena; and the strange thing is that so constant an observer of Nature did not, if they existed, perceive them. And more remarkable, Darwin himself was not aware of them. He says, at the close of his chapter on the struggle for existence, "When we reflect on this struggle we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of Nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy, survive and multiply."

At first sight, perhaps, the struggle for a

foothold and a subsistence looks like an ungodly scramble, and its results the effects of blind chance; but when we come to examine the process, to study the conflict at its various stages, from plant-life to the life of the mammals, and observe what it ultimately leads up to—as, for example, the hand and brain of man—we have to reverse our judgment and acknowledge that it is not by any means so merciless or random as we imagined, but rather the work of a wisdom and a kindness vastly superior to our own.

I assume, first of all, that animals *feel*, and feel pain in proportion as they feel pleasure. Some form of sentience, it may be, attaches to all life—even vegetable life. That is an assumption from which we need not shrink. But consciousness of the agreeable, and correspondingly of the disagreeable, must be regarded as an accompaniment of all normal animal existence.

I further assume, as an established fact, that the degree of sensibility depends on the measure of development in the nervous system. The evolution of organisms is from the homogeneous, or those which are alike in their parts, to the heterogeneous, or those which are unlike in their parts,—from those which have a few simple functions and whose actions are instinctive and reflex, to those whose functions are numerous and specialised and whose actions are conscious and due to training. Homogeneous creatures, like certain kinds of jelly fish, are incapable of any but the dullest sensibility, and would perish straightway if their existence depended on anything they had to learn for themselves; but heterogeneous types, like birds and mammals, are conscious of some acute suffering and enjoyment, and owe far more to their wits for their safety and longevity than to their inherited habits.

From this it might be concluded that the amount of suffering in the living world increased at every step in the cosmic process and offered a dismal spectacle to the sympathetic observer.

But I would draw your attention to a law in Nature which has, I believe, been scarcely noticed, and which throws a new light on the problem before us. It is this—*The power of increase is a diminishing quantity in the ascending scale of life.*

Among plants the power of multiplication is prodigious. At the mercy of all forms of life above it, the food of multitudes of animals, least endowed with the means of protecting itself, the plant is given a compensatory vitality and fecundity. Obtaining a livelihood almost anywhere, it scatters its seeds by the million. A single weed will spread itself over a garden, a field, a hillside—until other forms of vegetation encounter it and dispute its possession. And then a warfare ensues in which for every blade that lives a thousand perish. In the early stages of the world's life the struggle for existence was intensest. "Battles," said John Fiske, "far more deadly than those of Gettysburg or Gravelotte have been waged on every square mile of the earth's life-bearing surface." Deadly, yes, but not bloody—a warfare without pain.

Coming to the animals, we find the power of reproduction enormously lessened. In general terms (for there seem to be some exceptions), the more highly developed the

* A Paper read at the Ministers' Institute, Manchester College, Oxford.

animal the fewer its offspring. With all plant life to feed upon, with weaker brethren at their disposal, securer in their possession, the higher animals are reduced in population. At each stage upwards, from the homogeneous and dimly conscious *amæba*, which perpetually multiplies itself by simply falling to pieces, to the highly differentiated mammal which would die of a wound in any one of a hundred vulnerable parts and which brings forth, perhaps, a single offspring in a twelvemonth, there is a continuous (or almost continuous) decline in productiveness, a greater command of nourishment, a longer interval between meal and meal, a more peaceable disposition, and a less frequent conflict. Each successive higher type coming into the world in fewer numbers, with larger resources and a more intellectual equipment, with more to eat and a better knowledge of how to get it, struggles less for its existence and lives a happier, and, generally, a longer life. *Thus the strife in Nature decreases in proportion as it is felt; there is less pressure of life on the means of life as life is more effective and capable of pain and joy.*

This does not look like cruelty, but a very wonderful provision and preparation for the life of man.

At the same time there is pain in Nature, and it remains now to consider its extent and justify its presence.

First, certain pains are the necessary condition of corresponding pleasures. Hunger and thirst send the animal in search of food and drink, and then supply the sauce when it obtains them. Cold drives it to exercise or the warmth of the den, as it also produces the fur and the feathers. Weariness puts it to sleep. Some want, some discontent precedes all its energy, repletion and repose. But to this kind of pain which yields its compensatory satisfaction, I take it, there will be no objection.

Nor, I think, can exception be reasonably taken to the discipline and danger of animal existence.

An American writer, Mr. William J. Long, who has spent his life practically in the study of wild birds and beasts which, until he came among them, never beheld man's face or suffered at man's hand, has entitled one of his volumes—all of which are as interesting and indispensable to the student as they are delightful to children—"The School of the Woods." In this book he tells of the training of animals, especially when they are young, in the forest wilds, the training which has gone on for untold centuries, and which is practically identical with natural selection. Darwin uses the learned term "natural selection," which has an alarming sound for some ears; Mr. Long uses the familiar word "schooling," and the terror goes. He shows us the otter and the deer, the plover and the partridge, the osprey, the bear, the heron, the eagle, the porcupine, the moose, and other creatures in their pure, unadulterated state, untamed and unfrightened by man, ignorant of trap or gun, at play and at work, catching and caught, baffled and escaping, working out in their own way that development of life which is very ill-expressed by the phrase "survival of the fit."

Life for the animal, especially in its

infancy, is often no nonsense. The rule of the woods is *obedience*. "The summer wilderness," he says, "is just one vast schoolhouse of many rooms, in which a multitude of wise, patient mothers are teaching their little ones, and of which our *kindergartens* are crude and second-rate imitations. Obedience is life—that is the first great lesson. Every wild mother knows it, lives by it, hammers it into her little ones. And then come other secondary lessons—when to hide and when to run, how to swoop and how to strike; how to sift and remember the many sights and sounds and smells of the world, and to suit action always and instantaneously to knowledge. Life itself is the issue at stake in this forest education, therefore is the discipline stern as death. One who watches long over any of the wood-folk broods must catch his breath at times at the savage earnestness underlying even the simplest lesson. Few wild mothers will tolerate any trifling or wilfulness in their little schools; and the more intelligent, like the crows and wolves, mercilessly kill their weak and wayward pupils." But, as he proves later, this mercilessness is only apparent. It is the killing while young of the disobedient and ill-fitted who would be otherwise doomed to a less painless death afterwards. "Young birds and animals," he says, "left without their mothers' training, are always first to fall in the battle with the strong. Those alone that follow their natural leaders till they learn wisdom, live to grow up in the big woods."

Hence, by-the-bye, our responsibility in the matter of domestic animals. Having all their wild instincts but none of their wild mother's training, far from profiting by their human association, they are almost helpless when by chance they take up the life of the woods again. Livingstone, for instance, speaks of a fly in Africa called the *tsetse* which is harmless to wild animals but often deadly to tame creatures. The ox, the horse, and the dog die of its sting, while the buffalo and zebra take no harm. Animals reared for human purposes must look to us for protection. And similarly, having deprived them of their native fierceness, we must check them from worrying wild things weaker than themselves. A tame cat, for example, will play with its victim where in its wild state he would make short work of it.

But to return to the schooling in the woods. If the disobedient are sternly handled, the obedient have a happy time. Tenderness and patience are as conspicuous as the severity. The mother devotes herself unreservedly to her children until they are capable of caring for themselves. She goes apart for their sake and remains with them in seclusion, preparing them to take their place in the world.

One beast seems a remarkable exception. It receives little or no training and yet survives. The porcupine is apparently so early and so well protected from enemies by its abominable quills that it soon discards its mother's company and wanders off to do what it likes in the earth. And it is a painful example of what comes to those who follow their liking rather than their duty! Having no need of brains, it possesses none. Scarcely ever in danger,

and scarcely ever in want of a dinner—for it can feed on almost anything—it is the fool of the forest. It has apparently nothing to occupy it and no place to go to, and is devoid of all that charm and resourcefulness of character which belong to animals that rely on their intelligence or swiftness to preserve them.

I would pause on this fact because it gives us the secret of Nature's way with the animals. Necessity in their case is the mother of invention. The law of prey, which, as I will endeavour to show, is by no means a cruel, if a stern, law, is the cause both of the *upward* movement in the animal kingdom and of all the clever and delightful *traits* of the animal nature. If there were no danger, no risk, no hiding or chasing, no stealth, no fighting, no quick and sudden flight, the whole animal world, if it could exist at all, would be as dense and uninteresting as the porcupine. The wing of the bird, the fin of the fish, the stag's antlers, the marvellous foot of the deer, the eagle's eye, the claw of the coon, the heron's pointed beak, and all the mental energies which are associated with these organs, are the outcome of the law of prey. And even the porcupine's barb is the product of the same; for there must have been a period during which it was slowly evolved on the back of a less idle and less stupid ancestor. Unhappily, however, the device of Nature was only too successful, and by affording the wearer a unique security, accomplished its mental degeneracy.

(To be concluded.)

THE FLOWER FACTORY.

LISABETTA, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—

Little children who have never learned to play:

Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day,

Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.

High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat.

They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina!
They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dew-drop in the sun.

They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,

Of a Black Hand and a Face behind a grating;

They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,

Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket,

But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams,

And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,

Let them have a long, long play-time,
Lord of Toil, when toil is done!

Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun.

FLORENCE WILKINSON,
in McClure's Magazine for May.

DR. MELLONE ON "THE MORAL FREEDOM OF MAN."

I HAVE just read Dr. Mellone's interesting address at Summerville with very great satisfaction, but at the same time with no little astonishment and bewilderment. My satisfaction is in the clear evidence it affords that Dr. Mellone is still in essential agreement with the Libertarian view of moral conduct; my bewilderment arises from the fact that the same writer who has here unequivocally declared his agreement with the free-will doctrine has also during the last few months asserted, both in *Mind* and in *THE INQUIRER*, his general agreement with Professor Pringle-Pattison's theory of moral freedom. Now, as the moral theory so ably expounded in the address happens to be, in my opinion, not only different from, but diametrically opposed to the theory which Dr. Mellone so warmly eulogises in *Mind*, I am perplexed beyond measure when I try to conceive of a human mind capable of assenting to both theories at the same time. When, after reading the present address, I turned to Dr. Mellone's article in *Mind*, I experienced a sense of bewilderment analogous to what I should feel if a friend whom I knew to be an ardent free-trader should suddenly burst forth into an impassioned laudation of the fiscal views of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The chief difference between the moral theory so ably expounded and advocated in the address—a theory which, I take it, is an indigenous growth of Dr. Mellone's own mind—and the theory which, for a time at least, captivated him in Edinburgh, is that the former theory rests on the principle "that certain things in the past not only ought to have been, but *could have been** otherwise." This quotation gives the quintessence of the Libertarian theory in a nutshell, and Dr. Mellone, in identifying himself with it, clearly expresses his substantial agreement with the doctrine of free-will as held by Kant, F. W. Newman, and Martineau. The other theory, the fascination of which Dr. Mellone appears unable to resist whenever the fates take him northward to the modern Athens, is based upon the precisely opposite principle—the principle, namely, that all the self-determinations of finite individuals are necessarily determined by the condition of the agent's character at the moment of choice, and could, therefore, never have been different from what they actually were.

What we may describe as Dr. Mellone's "Manchester" doctrine admits the existence of "open" alternatives, and, therefore, the possibility that human characters might have developed otherwise than they actually have developed. The "Edinburgh" doctrine, on the other hand (unless I entirely misapprehend it), is totally different. Professor Pringle-Pattison knows nothing about open alternatives. The idea of open alternatives is, in his view, as irrational as it is in the view of that clear-sighted Hegelian, Professor Jacks. In his attempted refutation of Martineau's Libertarianism, Professor Pattison says: "The potentialities of an ethical being are infinite. All things are possible to him—not as a given individual at any given moment of time (the ethical

consciousness guarantees no miracles), but eternally possible to every son of man."

By this Professor Pattison evidently means that, while each particular moral self-determination is the inevitable expression of the condition of the character at the time, nevertheless, through the constant immanence and influence of the moral ideal in the human consciousness, there is always a possibility that a man's character may, either in this life or in some future life, evolve into greater accord with the demands of the eternal moral ideal. My impression is that Professor Jacks would not dissent from this account of moral progress.

It is important to note that Dr. Mellone's "Edinburgh" doctrine involves an insuperable objection to what it terms "miracles." The reason is that the intrusion of even one of these into the life of man would derationalise the entire cosmos, and would effectually knock the very bottom out of that sublime system of monistic idealism, the maintenance of which unimpaired is, in the present day, of vastly greater importance to many thinkers than is the preservation of the validity of the highest moral and spiritual experiences which have ever inspired and exalted mankind. Dr. Mellone's "Manchester" doctrine, however, is fortunately troubled with no such intellectual scruples. According to this doctrine, every past moral decision which could have been otherwise is an instance of such a miracle; and it is for this reason that free-will is treated as a fiction and an illusion by the chief academic authorities in Edinburgh, in Glasgow, and in Oxford alike.

It seems to me evident from what has been said that these two theories of moral freedom, for both of which Dr. Mellone, strangely enough, appears at different times to have a strong affection, but of which the "Manchester" one is certainly at present by far the favourite with him, are not only inconsistent with each other, but really represent the two great radical and basal opposing principles which at present divide between them nearly the whole world of philosophical thought. The one has its historical source in the profound moral consciousness of Kant, the other in the encyclopædic intellect of the modern Aristotle. The future fortunes of Christianity are, I believe, vitally connected with, and dependent on, the continued life and energy of the "Manchester" theory of moral freedom; and if necessarianism becomes diffused through the working class, and a more refined determinism through the higher classes, there is little doubt in my mind that interest in religion and in public worship will decay in the same proportion. Though my own sympathies are strongly with Dr. Mellone's "Manchester" doctrine, I clearly see that this theory will for some time have a very hard battle to fight. There are clear signs, however, that several new and able champions on this side are entering the field, and among these I believe that Dr. Mellone is destined to take a prominent place. I rejoice to be assured by his admirable utterance at Manchester that my accomplished friend now most decidedly turns a deaf ear to the subtle allurements of soft determinism, and shows himself to be a powerful upholder of the

cause of genuine free-will and real personal responsibility.

I have to sincerely apologise to readers of *THE INQUIRER* for having inferred from Dr. Mellone's statement that Professor Pattison's theory of moral freedom is "extremely valuable and suggestive" that he (Dr. Mellone) shared Professor Pattison's disbelief in the existence of open alternatives. My article in *THE INQUIRER* for February 22, and the letters I wrote subsequently, were all based on this assumption; and I must accordingly request my readers to understand that I now think that my criticisms are only valid against those who share Professor Pattison's views. After reading Dr. Mellone's recent address, I cannot bring myself to believe that he really agrees with Professor Pattison, though in his letter to *THE INQUIRER* of April 11 he declares that he does. But in that same letter he denies that Professor Pattison's views are anti-Libertarian, though the Professor himself throughout his *Hibbert* criticism expressly writes as an opponent of Libertarianism.

No one will now be able to persuade me that Dr. Mellone should be philosophically classed along with his eminent friend the highly gifted Edinburgh Professor, and I am prepared to maintain against all comers, Dr. Mellone himself included, that on vital points Dr. Mellone's real place is among the Libertarians whom Professor Pattison most ably but, as I believe, quite unsuccessfully endeavours to refute. On this great question of man's moral freedom I confidently appeal from the D.Sc. bewitched (in Edinburgh) to the D.Sc. in his sound senses (in Manchester).

CHARLES B. UPTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

THE CHURCH IDEA.

SIR.—I have read the letter of the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, in your last issue. The difference between us is one not of detail but of point of view, and I do not think anything would be gained by a lengthy rejoinder. If we argued till doomsday we could come to no agreement. His ideas are as repugnant to me as mine are to him. I said in my sermon what seemed to me to be true, and suitable. If I had to do the same duty again I would preach the same sermon, every word of it. I said some things which I thought might be of use to the members of our free churches. It is for them, if they care to do so, rather than for me, to decide whether there is any truth or usefulness in what I said. At least they have now got the two opposite views put before them with some plainness. I have had my turn and said my say, and I should not trouble you with these few lines, except to avoid the apparent discourtesy to Mr. Thomas of taking no notice of his letter. As a provincial mayor once said "We cannot always see eye to eye and tooth to tooth."

R. T. HERFORD.

Stand, July 7, 1908.

* The italics are mine.

UNITARIAN HOME MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

THE public examination of the students on Monday and Tuesday last week was followed by the closing proceedings of the session on Tuesday afternoon, June 30. The library at Summerville was well filled when the Principal took the chair. The Visitor's address by Dr. Melone we published last week. At its conclusion Principal Gordon made touching allusion to the losses of the year from the roll of the Alumni—the Revs. W. W. Robinson and F. Thomas—and he also announced that the late Rev. W. Blazeby had bequeathed his library of over 3,000 volumes to the College, together with a further bequest of £200. Proceeding to deal with the academic results of the year the Principal announced that the Rev. E. Thackeray, M.A., Ph.D., had been awarded the B.D. degree in the Manchester University; and that Messrs. E. Morgan, B.A., and W. Short, B.A., had passed in certain of the subjects for the same degree. This constitutes an unique record, the College having presented successful candidates every year since the Theological Faculty has been established, which none other of the seven colleges associated with the Faculty has done. The Principal also announced several gratifying results in the Arts Faculty, and then proceeded to award the prizes and certificates. The Sharpe Prize of £10 for proficiency in Biblical subjects studied in the classes of the Principal and tutor (Rev. J. E. Manning) was this year divided into two, the Senior Prize of £6 being awarded to Mr. E. Morgan, B.A., the Junior Prize of £4 being to Mr. J. S. Burgess. The Bibby Prize, for Greek, was won by Mr. S. E. Bowen. The Alderman Harry Rawson Prize, for English Literature, was the subject of essay competition, and was awarded to Mr. Walter Short for his essays on "Chaucer and his Place among Poets" and "George Herbert's 'The Temple.'" As a mark of general excellence in work a special book was presented to Mr. Watkins, who had taken an extra year partly on his own foundation. Certificates were handed to Mr. Edward Morgan, B.A., minister-elect of Unity Church, Bolton; to Mr. Samuel Evans Bowen; and to Mr. Matthew Watkins, who goes to Liverpool as assistant to Rev. J. Collins Odgers, at Ullet-road. The proceedings closed with the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," prayer by the Rev. Charles Roper, and benediction by the Principal.

The valedictory service was held later in the evening at Cross-street Chapel. There was a large congregation. The music was led by the Longsight Free Church Choir, with Mr. O. H. Heys as organist.

The Rev. A. N. BLATCHFORD, of Bristol, gave the valedictory address, and spoke to his younger brethren ardent words of confidence and hope and congratulation on the greatness of their calling. It was their Christ-like privilege, he said, to offer incessant service. They were to be "ministers" of religion, servants of their fellow-men. The best scholarship, the best trained mental gifts, they knew were needed, but even more the gift of friendship, the source of such intimate and sacred ties between minister and congregation. Troubles and trials they would surely have,

but all would be overcome by unselfish love. Unless in all their efforts they could drive from their hearts that false god "self," their preaching would be vain, and their people's faith also vain. Yet, on the other hand, it was an inspiring summons that came to them out of the soul of Emerson: "Trust thyself! each heart shall vibrate to that iron string!" Nothing could withstand the unselfish purpose of a self-reliant soul. They were to follow in the steps of those who had known how to "suffer and be strong," and out of that conflict they would achieve a wonderful peace. With a reference to Watts's beautiful picture he concluded with words of unconquerable hope.

The usual garden-party was held on Wednesday afternoon, July 1. Favoured with beautiful weather, and with the grounds at their best, it was a delightful scene of colour and movement. There were over 600 visitors present. Music was provided by the Wilton-street (Denton) band, which was much admired.

On Thursday evening the old students' dinner was held in the College. About fifty past and present students sat down under the chairmanship of the Rev. W. Holmshaw, president of the College Union, who also presided at the subsequent social gathering. The evening being still and calm the gathering was held outside on the terrace, and was much enjoyed.

On Friday the annual cricket match was played on the University ground, when the Present men just managed to beat the Past in a well-contested game. Many old students, besides those playing, looked on at the contest, and a number of ladies joined them at the luncheon interval.

In the evening the students gave their own farewell party, and entertained their friends in the local churches. There were about one hundred guests, and music and laughter made up a merry evening.

THE following is the text of the address to Count Tolstoy which lies for signature at 14, St. James's-square, S.W., at Messrs. Williams & Norgate's, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, and at Mr. Fifield's, 44, Fleet-street, E.C. :—

"Dear Count Tolstoy,—On behalf of ourselves and a large body of our countrymen who, these many years, have found your writings a source of high inspiration and delight, we desire, on your eightieth birthday, to express to you not only the affection in which we hold you, but also our admiration of you as an author and as a moral teacher.

"The courage and single-heartedness with which you have set new and lofty ideals before the world, have won for you the love of mankind.

"We see that, after nearly half a century time promises to consecrate the beauty and truth of your many-sided labour, and we rejoice that your works are more read than ever. They have commanded the sympathy and goodwill of persons whose opinions differ considerably, and who admire them from different points of view.

"We therefore subscribe ourselves all as your well-wishers and admirers, and some of us as your grateful disciples."

THE MINISTERIAL FELLOWSHIP.

THE ninth annual meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday, July 1, and there was a record attendance. The chair was occupied by the President, the Rev. Charles Roper. Twenty new members were elected, bringing the roll up to 169. Resolutions were adopted deploring the death of Revs. W. Lloyd and F. Thomas, sympathising with Revs. A. O. Ashworth, A. Chalmers, J. H. Matthews, and T. Robinson in their illness, and congratulating Revs. Jas. C. Street, Geo. Knight, S. H. Street, and E. W. Lummis on their recovery. The greetings of the American Ministerial Union were presented.

The annual report, financial statement, and reports of the Settlements Bureau, and of the Occasional Supplies department were read and adopted. The report showed that four members had been in receipt of benefit between pastorates, and nine grants had been made in special cases from the Auxiliary Fund. Two further grants were recommended and approved by the meeting. The second quinquennial valuation of the society falls due to be made next year. The financial operations of the benefit scheme are supported by the best possible skilled advice, and the calculations originally made have been thoroughly justified. After meeting all obligations, each year has shown a substantial saving. The accounts indicated a balance in hand of £84 18s. 5d., with investments (taken at cost) amounting to £398 7s. 3d. The Settlements Bureau Report showed that 66 congregations and 50 ministers had been on the list since the scheme was started in 1904; 13 congregations and 18 ministers were on the list now. The Occasional Supplies Department had not been supported by the congregations, and it was resolved to close it. Open conferences of ministers had been held in London and Liverpool with good effect.

The entrance of an increasing number of untrained men into the ministry of recent years has been under serious consideration by the Fellowship, and was the subject of a long discussion, which resulted in the following important resolutions being adopted :—

(1) "That inasmuch as (1) a number of men enter the Ministry without having had any previous college training, or any systematic preparation for their special work; and (2) the curriculum of our colleges has of late been so advanced that even the entrance examinations are beyond the reach of some of these special aptitude men; the members of the Ministerial Fellowship at their annual meeting express a hope that the board appointed by the National Conference to inquire into the supply of candidates for admission into our colleges, &c., will, in addition, take this matter into serious consideration. And they raise the question as to whether special facilities could not be offered to such men for a shortened and simplified course of preparation, and whether, in the event of their entering the ministry without such preparation, they should not be expected to go through a prescribed course of reading, and submit themselves to examination therein before they are recognised as having passed from the status of lay-worker into

that of minister, with its accompanying advantages."

(2) "That the editor of the Year Book be requested not to remove the designation 'Lay Worker' in future until after three years' probationary service in the ministry; and that the Ministerial Fellowship will not recognise such a person as a 'Minister' within the Rules until after such period of service."

(3) "That in the case of accredited ministers coming from another denomination, a period of two years' service in the ministry of our churches shall be required before becoming eligible for membership of the Fellowship."

In contemplation of the possible taking over of the Settlements Bureau by the National Conference and the formation of Advisory Committees to cover the whole country, the members, by a large majority, reaffirmed their decision of last year, that any advice on the matter of a settlement should be given, not by any central board, but by the local advisory committees.

The Rev. Dendy Agate, who has been treasurer since the foundation of the Fellowship, was appointed President for the year as well as treasurer; the Rev. C. J. Street was reappointed secretary for the tenth year; the Rev. J. Crowther Hirst, secretary of the Settlements Bureau; Revs. Chas. Roper, and G. A. Payne members of committee to fill two vacancies; Rev. W. R. Shanks, and Mr. A. E. Piggott, F.S.A.A., auditors.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

POLICE TROUBLES IN WALES AND SHROPSHIRE.

WE are sorry to report that the police opposition in Wales, which has been remarked upon in earlier notices as in marked contrast with the impartiality hitherto received at the hands of the local officers in England, has at length taken a turn for the worse, and that Mr. Barnes, the lay-missioner for South Wales, is summoned to appear before the justices at Ammanford to-day (Saturday) for having, as it is alleged, "unlawfully and wilfully" obstructed the highway "by placing a wagon and suffering the same to be and remain thereon for a long and unreasonable time." Any comments upon the case are, of course, postponed until after the hearing, but it will be interesting to learn that whereas the meeting which was the cause of the information being laid was attended by some 300 people, the gathering at the Van on Sunday night, and at the same place, was at least a thousand strong.

For the first time, also, in England, the police have shown a disposition to interfere with the peaceful course of the meetings, and at Market Drayton the names of the missioners have been taken, and the threat of proceedings held out. It is hoped that in this instance the threat will be all, and that the impartiality of the force will not be called in question through irritating officialism. The Market Drayton meetings have been held in the High-street, at the recognised site for such gatherings, near the fountain. The ground had been previously surveyed, and, as it is the custom of our lay-missioners to send an intimation to the local authorities an-

nouncing their coming, it would seem only reasonable that permission should not be granted at all rather than that the action should leave the suspicion that an attempt is to be made to withdraw it when the character of the mission is ascertained. In Market Drayton, also, it would appear that no action was taken until the tiny meetings of the first two nights gave place to large assemblies, on the people perceiving the nature of the work which the Mission was anxious to do. The friends of the Mission may, however, rest assured that there has been no more cause for action on the part of the Drayton police than there has been in the scores of towns and villages which have been visited in many parts of the country, and we imagine the authorities will be better advised than to allow an unwarrantable interference with the rights of free speech, which the Mission now finds itself called upon to defend.

Rev. G. PEGLER, the missioner, writes: "Market Drayton (population 2,500) is one of the few towns in England still under the sway of the lords of the manor. Our first two meetings were not encouraging, but the third night brought a change. We were surrounded by an expectant crowd of 500 people, many no doubt being attracted by the fine singing of the Rev. D. J. Evans, of Chester, who has proved himself a veritable Alexander (the Evangelist) of Unitarianism. Sunday night was rendered memorable by the intervention of the police. Public interest in our doctrine has proved to be of the progressive order. Churchmen, Methodists, and Roman Catholics have had their souls stirred by our message, the questions on Saturday night being eager, and poured out in a continuous stream. . . . The Vans are bringing home to the man in the street the knowledge that one religion at least is concerned with the spiritual facts of life rather than with theological theories and ceremonialism only."

It should be noticed, in any comparison of the week's figures with those of other weeks, that the meetings have been chiefly held in very small places, and that with the exception of Kingston-on-Thames, where the arrangements had to be altered after the Van arrived on the site which had been previously decided upon, the returns are proportionately as large as those already recorded. It may also be noted as a gratifying incident that "Van meetings without the Van" have been held by two of our last year's missioners, Revs. F. H. Vaughan and A. Hall, with a view to following up the splendidly successful meetings "with the Van" at Mansfield last season. Rev. A. E. O'Connor also informs us that he and Rev. J. H. Belcher have just held meetings at Dartmouth and Brixham with encouraging results—100 and 110 present, and expressions of sympathy; and that Teignmouth and some of the towns near Plymouth are to be visited. The Mission has co-operated with these efforts, as it is prepared to do with all others, by supplying hymn-papers and leaflets. So the work goes "merrily rolling along." There is a whisper of something being done in the Western Union district, and our help is available there if it is wanted. We heard that Dr. Cressy proposed to hold services in the open at the front of the Brixton church

after his visit to the Van at Streatham last week. And the summer is not yet over, so that other news of the same kind may yet be forthcoming. A reverend gentleman, for whom we entertain a high feeling of respect, is credited with the belief that the Van Mission is only "a flash in the pan." But what matter if it is no more, if it does a bit of good? Better a flash in the pan than no flash at all! Another acquaintance, however, who knows something of these things, says, "Never mind the flash if the 'kick's' there. It's that which they feel, and when they feel it they move." If that can mean that the Mission is one more sign of life, feeble than the things that are yet to be, but still a sign, it is at least so much to the good, and that is the chief concern.

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay-missioner, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The closing meetings at Wimbledon were taken by Mr. E. Capleton and Revs. A. Hurn and R. P. Farley. There were capital attendances, and on the last evening many inquiries as to when a return visit would be paid and words of appreciation. One missioner tried the doubtful experiment of allowing a lady who was hostile to the Mission to speak from the Van. The lady was pleased, the crowd satisfied, and the results good. It is only fair to record this matter, but it is not a method to be frequently adopted. More than once persons have asked permission to *reply* to us from the Van, ignoring the fact that it is always open for any who are dissatisfied to make arrangements for meetings on their own account, and that as they are residents the field is open to them all the while after the Van has left. Even ministers have tried to take advantage of the fact that the Mission had its audience to secure it for themselves without any of the expense and effort which the Mission has had to incur. Only on one other occasion has the same method been tried with success, and that was in Wales, when the police, having threatened to summons Rev. S. Jones and Mr. Barnes, found to their dismay that they would be asked to take similar action against the leading dissenting minister, who had been allowed upon the platform and spoken during the evening. But there was a guilelessness in that which smacked of wisdom! If there was anything like free trade in these matters it would be different, but the continuing experience is that the good spirit which would allow every opportunity to the other side is not reciprocated. The next place to be visited after Wimbledon was Kingston, and here it looks as though a peculiarly high-handed piece of intolerance had been shown against the Mission in the questionable refusal to allow the meetings to be held in the place where religious and socialistic gatherings have been wont to be held. A move of that kind ensuring the practical failure of the Mission, through its having to be held in a side street, away from the traffic, would no doubt be held to be justified by its success; but it is in contrast with the more generous treatment which has been alluded to in connection with the Wimbledon meeting. The great thunderstorm also prevented one of the Kingston meetings; so, although Rev. H. Rawlings, one of our old hands, exerted himself, and was assisted by Rev. F.

Taylor and Mr. Clayden, with other friends from Richmond, it cannot be said that Kingston has turned out as well as was expected. The meetings to-night (Saturday) and to-morrow are at the High-street, Hounslow, and on Monday the Van moves to Isleworth, with Rev. R. P. Farley as missionary.

THE POTTERIES, &C. (Lay-missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—Three nights were spent in Chesterton, a small place a few miles from Newcastle, and good meetings were held, although the attendances were small. The district was bent on holidays more than missions, and the chief distractions were great flower shows at Hanley and Stone, and a miners' demonstration at Trentham, whilst a colliery disaster a hundred yards away from the meeting furnished a diversion of a sadly different kind the last evening. Much individual kindness was shown to the missionaries, and an attempt to browbeat the speakers was warmly resented. Unfortunately, Rev. J. W. Bishop, who was the missionary for the week, was recalled to Manchester by telegraph owing to sickness at home. Rev. G. Pegler took his place, and continued as missionary when the Van came to Market Drayton. Reference has already been made to the police incident at this place, and it need only be added that the shyness of the people, which was very marked on the first two evenings, gradually wore off, and that on the Saturday evening Mr. Talbot estimated that 2,000 people were present during some part of the proceedings. There were, of course, among this number many people from the country districts. One man, who had asked questions at the meetings, on the Saturday night publicly thanked the missionaries for the answers they had given, and for the good spirit which accompanied them. On the other hand, an official of the Free Church Council stated that that body would not have stood aside from a meeting it had arranged had it been known what views were to be expounded from the Van.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay-missioner, Mr. A. BARNES).—Rev. J. Hathren Davies continued his mission at Gwauncaeagurwen with considerable success, and remained for a couple of evenings after Rev. E. O. Jenkins, of Llandyssul took his turn as missionary. There were no meetings quite so large as that of the Sunday evening of last week, owing to the fact that the villagers were in the hay-fields or helping in the water-carrying necessitated by the drought. Friends came over from Trebannos with Rev. Alva Richards, and they generously provided the 30s. for the haulage of the Van to Ammanford, where the meetings have been held which have precipitated matters with the police. At this place the attendances have been 300, 350, 400, and 1,000. Next week we shall give some details of the court proceedings, and an account of the Mission.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Wimbledon, June 29 to July 1, three meetings, attendance 1,150; Kingston-on-Thames, July 2 to 5, three meetings, 175.

SCOTLAND.—Linlithgow, June 29 to July 1, three meetings, attendance 1,150; Boness, July 2 to 5, four meetings, 1,850.

POTTERIES.—Chesterton, June 29 to July 1, three meetings, attendance, 315; Market Drayton, July 2 to 5, four meetings, 1,160.

TOTALS.—June 29 to July 5, twenty-seven meetings; attendance, 9,050; average, 335.

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SCOTTISH VAN.—The Rev. E. T. Russell reports eight meetings at Linlithgow, with interest increased each night. He moved on to Boness on Wednesday, July 1, where he had been told to expect a bad reception, but it proved to be splendid. On Sunday night more than 450 men came to the meeting and heard a seventy minutes' address on Jesus.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Astley.—Francis K. Holt, youngest son of the Rev. P. Holt, is in the University of Manchester list of students who have completed all courses for the B.A. degree, and passed examination in philosophy for the M.A. degree. Mr. Holt, who is an active worker in the Sunday-school, has been attending the Day Training College during the past three years, and was a pupil teacher at the Bolton Higher Grade School, obtaining the first position in candidates' examination, and was winner of a Thomasson prize and a County Council Exhibition.

Halifax.—The Rev. W. L. Schroeder, M.A., began his ministry at Northgate-end Chapel on Sunday last, July 5, with two fresh and vigorous sermons on the religious life and the relationship of the Church to it, and on the modern Gospel, which meant to him the value of the individual soul and the spread of the highest thought and helpfulness in all our social relations. The attendances, both morning and evening, were very good. Mr. Schroeder gave a short talk to the Sunday-school in the afternoon.

Liscard.—At the close of Sunday-school at the Memorial Church, on the 5th inst. a pleasant variation of the usual procedure was made when Miss Molly and Miss Dora Burgess, on the near approach of their marriage and removal from the district, were presented each with a silver-mounted biscuit-barrel, subscribed for by the scholars and friends in recognition of faithful service to the school, and as a token of affectionate regard. The presentations were made by the Superintendent, the Rev. A. E. Parry, and the recipients suitably acknowledged the gifts.

London: Deptford.—The Rev. A. J. Marchant gratefully acknowledges the receipt of contributions in aid of the Sunday-school excursion from "E." (Norwood), 5s.; "W. W.", 10s.; and "A. R.", 10s. Other contributions have been acknowledged by post.

London: Hampstead.—The Rev. Stopford Brooke preached again at Rosslyn-hill Chapel on Sunday evening, and a collection was made on behalf of the Honor Club for Working Girls, in Fitzroy-square, of which Mr. Brooke said, in a brief word before the sermon, that it was the one remaining piece of work which had belonged to Bedford Chapel. A note in the July Calendar contains an expression of the grateful thanks of the congregation to Mr. Brooke for his kindness in preaching on all the Sunday evenings in June and that first July Sunday. "Belief in God" is the subject of the June number of the Rev. Henry Gow's *Rosslyn Hill Sermons*. "The Courage to Fail" was the title of the May number.

London: Highgate.—The Band of Hope took part on Saturday, June 27th, in the Juvenile Temperance Demonstration in Finsbury Park, which was organised by the London United Temperance Council. They took part in the march past, and were successful in gaining the second prize for effective bannerettes

carried in the procession, and also the second prize for emblematical grouping.

London: Kentish Town.—The anniversary services of the Free Christian Church and Sunday-school were held on Sunday last. In the morning the service was conducted by the minister, Rev. F. Hankinson; and in the evening by him and the Rev. Frederic Allen (formerly for many years superintendent of the Sunday-school). The service in the evening was very largely attended by past and present Sunday-school teachers and scholars, in addition to a numerous congregation.

London: Stepney Green.—Mr. W. R. Marshall is giving a series of addresses on Peace at the Sunday morning services at College Chapel. Last Sunday he touched on the evil influences of the military element in Boys' Brigades. These addresses are an excellent preparation for those in the congregation and Sunday-school who hope to take part in the "Young People's Peace Demonstration" at the Queen's Hall, on Thursday evening, August 30.

Manchester: Blackley.—Fifty years ago the Sunday-school was re-opened by the efforts of the Rev. J. C. Street, and the Jubilee of this event has been celebrated. On July 4 a united gathering of past and present members of the school and chapel was held, and there was an excellent attendance. After tea the chair was taken by the Rev. W. Holmshaw. General regret was felt that the Rev. J. C. Street, owing to present infirmity, could not attend. Letters of apology from various ministers were received, one of special interest from the Rev. E. K. Freeston, who wrote in affectionate terms of the late Mr. James Bennett, and concluded by saying that "for ten happy years before I left for college, the old chapel, the school, and the parsonage meant more to me than any other buildings in the world." Appropriate addresses were given by the chairman, by the Revs. J. Ellis (a former minister), Dr. Griffiths, F. Wood, Messrs. W. Duncan, J. H. Swann, and T. Hulme. On Sunday the school anniversary sermons were preached by Principal Gordon, who took for his text in the morning the words, "A captain of fifty with his fifty," and in the evening, "O sing unto the Lord a new song," and spoke wise and weighty words of counsel and encouragement to the assembled hearers. A service was held in the afternoon when the scholars and choir rendered a Service of Song entitled, "Lessons of the flowers." A field day for scholars and friends on July 11 concludes the proceedings in connection with the Jubilee.

Manchester: Bradford.—A Flower Service was held at Mill-street Church last Sunday, when the Rev. A. C. Fox gave a capital address, and the band contributed excellent music.

Norwich (Appointment).—Mr. Mortimer Rowe, B.A., late Senior Student of Manchester College, Oxford, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pulpit of the Octagon Chapel, in succession to the Rev. Alfred Hall, now of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Oldham (Resignation).—The Rev. J. A. Pearson has resigned the Lord-street pulpit, to the great regret of his congregation, having accepted the post of missionary minister to the London District Unitarian Society.

Richmond (Resignation).—At a special general meeting of the Ormond-road Free Church the resignation of the Rev. Felix Taylor, B.A., was accepted with great regret, and with expressions of warm appreciation of his services.

Stannington (Resignation).—The Rev. J. Ruddle will close his ministry at Underbank Chapel at the end of September.

Whitby.—On Sunday, July 5, a bust of Shakespeare was installed in the Flowergate Old Chapel, as the first of a series of busts of great men and women. The lessons were taken from a Shakespeare Lectionary which Mr. Williams is passing through the press. The congregation numbered over forty, about three times the average. The subject of the discourse was the experiences of Mr. Williams in Chemsford Jail in September and October last.

Yorkshire Unitarian Club.—Members and friends to the number of close on thirty had an enjoyable excursion to Grassington on Saturday, June 27. The annual meeting will be held on Saturday, Oct. 10, instead of Oct. 17, at Chapel-lane, Bradford. Lecturer, Professor Jacks, of Manchester College, Oxford, the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*.

This month's *Country Home* opens with an illustrated article on the fine old Elizabethan house, Danny, which stands in Sussex, sheltered and secluded under the South Downs. "Sundials Old and New," is another article, and there are some useful "Notes on Hygiene for the month of July," one of which is that exercise is just as necessary in hot as in cold weather, and another that hot water is a fine quencher of thirst.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, July 12.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. E. WILKES SMITH.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. G. LANSDOWN.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR. "An Ideal City, and how to get it."
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, Assembly Rooms, Broadway, 7, Mr. R. W. PETTINGER.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. S. PERRIS, M.A.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER; 6.30, Mr. A. E. CARLIER.
 Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.
 Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.

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Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. Foat, M.A.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. A. PHARAOH; 6.30, Mr. DELTA EVANS. "Music and Worship."
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.; 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.; 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Mr. T. ELLIOT.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. McDOWELL.
 BEDFORD, 2.30 and 6.30.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COLE.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11, Sir THOMAS FULLER; 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. ARTHUR GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. H. VANCE, B.D.
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A. "What shall I do to be Saved?"
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. DAWES HICKS.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GERTRUD VON PETZOLD.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK WALTERS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVEN.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 11 and 6.45, Mr. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. W. STEPHENS; 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30.
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALM-FORTH.

BIRTH.

FARRAR.—On July 6, at Aldersyde, Grant-Thorold Place, Grimsby, to Harold and Dora Farrar (née Squier), a son.

MARRIAGES.

ALLEN—BURGESS.—On July 6, at the Memorial Church, Liscard, by Rev. A. E. Parry, George James Allen, of Hampstead, to Caroline Mary, daughter of the late Herbert Burgess, of Battle, and Mrs. Burgess, of Liscard, Cheshire.

JONES—JONES.—On July 8, at the Hen Dy Cwrdd, Aberdare, by the Rev. W. J. Phillips, uncle of the bride, the Rev. Simon Jones, B.A., minister of the Unitarian Church, Swansea, to Anne Mary Tidyen, the eldest daughter of the Rev. R. J. Jones, M.A., and the late Mrs. A. G. Jones, Bron-iestin, Aberdare.

ALEXANDER—PHILPOTT.—On July 7, at Mary Street Unitarian Church, Taunton, by the Rev. J. Birks, F.G.S., assisted by the Rev. Jeffery Worthington, B.A., William Alexander, of Waterslade House, Taunton, to Annie Sloper Philpott, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Philpott, of 2, Tauntonfield, Taunton.

DEATHS.

SHARPE.—On July 6, at 4, Broadlands-road, Highgate, N., Mary Evelyn, wife of William Arthur Sharpe, aged 54.

DAVIS.—On July 7, at 90, Bristol street, Manchester, Elizabeth Martha Davis, aged 87. Friends please accept this the only intimation.

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